

Mother

by BellatrixLestrangey

Category: Avatar: Last Airbender

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 05:06:43

Updated: 2016-04-14 05:06:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:20:44

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,101

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Zirin catches Azula crying and tries to comfort her. Naturally the other Kemurikage see this and it becomes a Kemurikage cry-fest and Zirin (as the group mom) has to try to comfort them all.

Mother

Zirin had caught the girl crying at least thrice within the week. She had more demons than she liked to mention, the girl did. But Azula wasn't the only one Zirin had seen in tears. Nearly all of them had shed a few almost-private tears.

\_A sad bunch we are\_, Zirin thought.

She watched Azula curl up on a makeshift bed, silent tears dripping onto her pillow. Zirin hadn't really considered comforting the princess until that moment. There was something just so venerable about the child.

Zirin grumbled to herself. What was she doing calling her leader a child? \_But she is, isn't she?\_ The woman wondered to herself. \_Not like the children we kidnapped, but she's still a young girl. A somewhat frightening young girl\_.

Zirin frowned, again wondering what she was thinking. The brats in the other room were a big enough task to watch over, she didn't need to play mommy for a teary-eyed princess. "I won't be the group mom." She murmured to herself. "I won't be the group mom. Not this time."

She looked back into Azula's room. The girl rubbed at her eyes with the back of her hand, mouthing something, as she did every so often. Zirin wondered who she was talking to. What kind of person could so heavily affect such a strong young woman? Granted Azula seemed to be talking to the things only she could see less and less.

The girl with the strange shaved hair cut also seemed to be talking to herself less. Perhaps that was because she and Azula could talk to each other instead of the things that weren't there. The two seemed rather close. As close as people like them could get.

Zirin sighed if only she could form that kind of a bond.

"What are you standing around here for?" Came a voice from down the hall. It was the girl with the odd hair dye. Zirin really needed to learn the names of her companions already. It didn't matter she wasn't good with names anyhow. The girl with the odd hair leaned against the wall, in the darkest shadow. Her eyes fixed and nearly unblinking on Zirin, waiting for an answer.

Zirin peered back into the room. The princess probably didn't want anyone to see her like that. "Nothing."

"It ain't nothin', I kin tell. I kin always tell." It was the tall pale one with the short hair. The one that, as Zirin observed, never seemed to smile. From behind her appeared the youngest girl of the lot. A short dark skinned girl who always seemed to be on edge. She never really talked muchâ€"to the point where Zirin questioned whether or not she could talk at all.

"So what's in the room?" The question was put forward again, it's asker giving the white-gray in her hair a flip.

"Is 'Zula okay?" Asked the tall one.

"She's probably doing better than me." The one with the chubby cheeks appeared behind Zirin.

Zirin rather liked that one. She was a friendly girlâ€"for the most part. A bit of a pessimist but she appreciated the girl's presence and her skills. She also rather admired how sneaky the girl was.

"It's a wonder you guys can break into these houses unnoticed." Azula's small frame filled the doorway. "If you're going to linger around outside of my room, you could at least do it quietly."

"Azula!" The small one gave a little start, making the first sound Zirin has heard her speak in a while.

The princess offered a dismissive hand gesture and a worn sigh. "Don't worry about it."

Zirin looked the princess up and down. The girl's eyes were somewhat red and swollen, cheeks decorated with tear tracks that would have probably gone unnoticed in the dim lighting, had Zirin not seen her crying.

"You alright?" Asked the chubby faced girl.

"I'm fine, Kaoh." Azula answered.

\_Well I have one name nowâ€" \_Kaho\_. She repeated the name in her head.

"I just." Azula trailed off. "It's just that."

And for the first time Zirin's leader didn't seem to have the words to say. Azula rubbed the back of her fist quite roughly over her eye. A small gasping sound escaped her slightly parted lips. Zirin caught a teardrop leak into the princess' mouth. The girl didn't seem to notice or care.

With her body quivering ever so softly, Azula turned to go back into her room.

Zirin balled her fists\_, I will not be the mother of the group. I swear I won't\_. But her body seemed to have a mind of its own, she tugged Azula into a tight hug. She could feel Azula's small body trembling against her own. The princess' face pressed into Zirin's robes.

Zirin gave Azula's back three gentle pats. "Hey now, it's alright. I don't know what's wrong but it's alright."

Next to her, the short girl burst into tears.

"Me too." Muttered the one with the odd hair dye.

Before she even had a chance to cry, the tall girl broke into a sob.

Zirin took both into criers into her arms. And then she noticed the other girl brushing her silvery hair over her eyes to cover up her own tears.

"Iâ€"I can't hug all of you!" Zirin shouted.

"You always did remind me of my mom." The one with the shaved hair folded her arms smugly over her chest.

"When did you get back?" Zirin asked.

The woman shrugged.

Azula pulled out of Zirin's grasp and wandered over to where their newest arrival was standing. The woman put one hand on Azula's shoulder, and brushed the other through the princess' hair. Zirin couldn't really asses what she was seeing anymore as the girl with the funny hair flung herself into her arms.

"Zirin's right, it's gonna be okay." The woman whispered to Azula, "you have us now."

"Yeah, you have us now."Kaoh declared. Zirin watched the woman insert herself into the hug, sandwiching Azula between herself and the girl with the shaved hair. The princess looked so small, like a lost little girl.

"You're warm." Azula mumbled to Kaoh.

"I know!" She replied, ruffling Azula's hair.

Azula shot Kaoh something between a frown and a pout. The same expression her colorful haired friend seemed to be giving

Zirin.

Zirin glanced around at all the tearful eyes and pouting faces. "Gosh I'm starting to wonder who the children in this little hideout really are."

"I bet you are." Azula snuggled closer to the girl with the shaved hair and with a playful smirk added, "mom."

End  
file.